

Spring Fever by givupdafunk

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Summary:

Post STS2 Jancy. Sort of a sequel to this: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/14975885>

Jonathan and Nancy go back to the woods For some sex, angst and sandwiches. Kinda long, but I like to think Karen Wheeler would read this in her bathtub (if it didn't involve her daughter). Enjoy.

1. Chapter 1

Jonathan is naked in the shower. It's just after dawn on a Saturday morning at his house and Nancy just woke him up. She had showered before she woke him and told him he needed to get in the shower now so they could get going, so here he is, half asleep, soaping his chest and yawning.

They are supposed to go for a hike out by the old radio tower today, and make their way to the creek for a picnic. Nancy's had bad spring fever and this is one of the first nice, warm weekends they've had since the snow started to melt and Hawkins thawed out. It sounds really nice and he's looking forward to showing her this valley; he'll have plenty of opportunities to take some pictures, maybe read a little.

It's been nice spending the Winter holed up inside keeping each other warm, but she doesn't have to prod him too hard to go out in nature and away from everything and everyone.

Not away from her though, of course. Ever since last Fall when they daringly closed a government lab and then returned to Hawkins, working together to rescue and then exorcise his brother, they've been inseparable.

In the midst of all of that traumatizing chaos, they also fell in love. Hard. They've been constant sources of comfort and support, helping each other through the dark memories, as only they can.

Not to say she doesn't sometimes drive him insane; she's determined when she wants something, but he can be stubborn, too. Ultimately, none of it matters because the core of their friendship is trust and respect. He can never stay mad at her. When she's mad at him, he'll (eventually) admit she's right to be. If anything the terrible events they witnessed taught them to chose their battles, so they do. She's his best friend and greatest inspiration.

She's also sexy as hell. That doesn't hurt.

Still half asleep he starts to think of last night. She had been riding

him, pinching her nipples and moaning. At some point he had kissed her so deep, she had pulled away gasping for air, making a new whimper he had never heard. He mentally catalogues her sounds. If he could turn them into musical notes, she'd be a symphony of erotic noises; his favorite mixtape.

There was a time when these types of visions of Nancy in his shower were just wishful thinking. Fantasy. Now they are reality. The horrors they survived together drew them closer. It also made them less shy. They are slowly opening up to one another more and more, staying sexually creative and thinking of new ways to please each other. All of the kinky, sensual things he used to think of alone he rarely feels nervous sharing with her, when he's ready; she is usually game and doesn't shy away from sharing her own pleasurable thoughts. Whenever he allows himself to think of Nancy's body, like he's doing now, the result is the same - he has a raging hardon.

He turns off the shower, grabs a towel, and dries off quickly. He steps out of the shower, rubbing at his damp hair. Wrapping a towel around his waist, he steps into the hall. Will should still be at Mike's, having had a sleepover with the guys for his belated birthday, and his mother should still be at Karen's, sleeping in Nancy's bed after Friday Wine Night with the girls - but just to be safe, he walks to the front door to check that his mom's car is gone. Yep, gone. And then pads down the hall to Will's room. Yep, they are alone. He heads to his bedroom to seduce his amazing, hot girlfriend. Hiking can wait a bit.

Opening the door to his bedroom, she's still wrapped in her towel and is just getting up from his desk, having finished putting on her makeup and pinning her hair back at the nape of her neck. A few dark tendrils still fall around her face, framing her big, blue eyes. She drops her brush, mirror and makeup bag into her overnight bag. She pauses briefly to smile at him, clearly staring admiringly at his chest. "Hurry up and get dressed, sexy man." She chirps at him. She must not have noticed what's happening underneath his towel, as she walks over to the closet to sort through the small wardrobe she now keeps here.

He moves to sit on the edge of the bed, letting his towel fall open, exposing himself. She has her back to him standing at the closet and doesn't see his lean legs splayed out as he strokes himself looking at

her. He is a bit of a pervert he thinks, but who isn't? And he's only a pervert for her, because he's in love with her and well... just look at her.

She drops her towel. He will never get tired of the sight of her beautiful bottom, the curves of her petite silhouette, her creamy, pale skin, those legs. She bends over to start pulling on a pair of light, silky panties. He lets out a shuddering breath that catches her attention. Without standing up, she looks over her shoulder at him, ass still up and pointed in his direction. 'That little minx knows exactly what's she's doing,' he thinks. Her eyes sparkle when she sees his engorged cock in his hand and she slowly stands up still smirking over her shoulder.

"Hey" He says in a deep, husky tone. His eyes narrowing with desire, trained on her. "Before you do that, why don't you come over here for a sec. Wanna show you something."

Once his eyes get that certain glint, her temperature rises. 'God, he's sexy.' She thinks. She turns and walks toward him slowly, tossing her panties onto his dresser. She enjoys how his dark almond eyes are flicking all over her body and firing at her, with very clear intention. But who is the predator and who is the prey?

"Looks like you've got your hands full. Something I can help with?" Her naughty wit turns him on as much as her body. She steps between his legs, dropping her arms on his shoulders, as he reaches for her. He releases his cock and pulls her into him, his thick, warm hands on her ass, and begins to kiss her abdomen and breasts. She leans forward and rubs her thighs on his bobbing cock, dragging her hand down the front and pushing his heat firmly onto her, making him groan into her body.

He works his hands down to the back of her thighs and gently edges them apart enough for his cock to slide between them. She holds it there, tight enough to create hot friction as he presses up, in and out between the warm flesh of her thighs. She brings her hand around to the back to tease the tip when it comes through the other side. He moans and rolls his head side to side on her abdomen in ecstasy. His warm breath tells her everything she needs to know. Her other hand strokes her nails through his damp hair, increasing his pleased

groans.

She loves how sensual he is. Once he's in this mode, the quiet, careful Jonathan most people know is replaced by this - a heaving, horny animal off it's chain, unapologetically pulling at her ass cheeks and fucking her thighs.

She leans over, tipping his head back, pushing her nipple into his mouth; she reaches down his backside and digs her nails into his waist. She roughly drags her nails up his back causing him to twitch and bite down on her nipple. They both react with a snarl and growl. She's off her chain now, too. One look down at his hungry, dark eyes, teething at her nipple, and her pussy floods with desire, her spine rolls in waves. Her lip curls and her mouth falls open in heated sighs.

Her nails come up to the back of his neck and she grabs his head, tipping it back further so she can lean over and kiss him hard and deep, just like he likes. He's willingly at her mercy. His whimpers are in unison with the way he's gripping her hips, still slowly using her thighs. She loves when it's her turn to drive, but she also likes to be driven.

He had an idea when her towel dropped so as soon as she releases her kiss he locks into her eyes with a long, hard stare, nipping more kisses from her lips. She holds and surrenders to his assault on her lips staring him back with an equal ferocity.

When she sighs and closes her eyes, he spins her around to face away from him, still holding her hip with one hand and sliding his hand between her legs.

She lets out a soft gasp, not sure what's happening, but it turns into a moan when she feels his hand. She's so wet already. His fingers push into her wet heat, first two, then three, still holding her by her hip. He knows that sound she makes well. He nudges her forward by her hip so he can close his legs and then brings her back, nudging her legs apart so she is straddling his thighs. She is spread wide and he hungrily fingers her, using his thumb to tease her asshole. He wishes he could see her face, but he's learned her noises and twitches well enough by now to let his imagination fill in the blanks.

She's ready, and he's been ready.

"Sit on my cock" he says.

There's a short beat where she registers what he's asking, but she doesn't stall. She loves that he thought of this. She's excited. She bends over slightly putting one hand on his knee, and twists another arm back on to his hip, her sex crazed eyes catching his eyes for a brief glance over her shoulder. He's holding his cock up, lined up underneath her as she lowers herself down. The added feel of her ass sliding down his abdomen makes his head fall back with a shudder and a shout.

She never gets tired of feeling how full he makes her. This angle is new and exciting; she wants to enjoy it for a moment. His arms come around her and he bites down on her shoulder snarling, pushing up into her with gentle need. She turns her head to meet his lips in a fevered kiss, flicking her tongue at his open mouth to trace his lips. He cups her breasts and pinches her nipples and she rolls her hips.

They never get tired of making each other feel hot and wanted. In this position, she can easily play with her clit, and does, as she begins to slide up and down his cock. He grips his warm hands onto her hips to help her, continuing to bite at the back of her neck and shoulders; it's all driving them both insane.

He leans back on one elbow and watches her. Fucking watches her. He's at her mercy; a toy, a device solely for her use and pleasure. His other hand is softly cupping and caressing her ass, one finger tracing the dip in her cheeks down to tease her asshole. She quivers every time he touches her there, extra aroused. They haven't talked about that yet. Seems like there may be something to discuss.

She bends over further, placing a hand on his knee, still working her clit, and slams down onto his cock, letting herself go. He falls back onto both elbows so she can go crazy on him. The sight alone nearly makes him come, and he has to look away and drop his head back, eyes rolling back in his head; he's panting in rhythm to the feel of her walls stroking his cock at every point.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" Her shouts are synchronized with her heated slams

onto his groin. She reaches between his legs to caress and tug on his balls. "Fuck, Nance!" He goes blind for a second. When he recovers, he responds by running a hand up her back and gently gripping the back of her neck. She responds by tossing her head back and slamming down with more intensity. She is teetering on the edge of insanity, losing herself with wild abandon.

He helps her ever so slightly by raising his hips and pushing down on her spine. A few more deep thrusts and she comes with a long, loud sustained shout. If they had close neighbors, they would've definitely heard that. When she knows they are alone at his house she will not hold back a single decibel. He fucking loves it.

He comes back forward holding her quaking body and kissing her neck. He loops his arms under her knees lifting her legs up beside her body and spreading her wide, bracing his hands on her shoulders. "Nancy, I need to fuck you hard baby so hang on" he whispers in her ear. She nods through heavy lidded bliss, turning her head to kiss him while her arms go back to hold onto his head. She's delirious from her orgasm and completely surrendered to his will. He winds his arms around the front of her shoulders and laces his hands at the base of her neck as he starts to thrust up into her while they both grunt.

They are beyond any control now, a symphony of gasps and shouts; her over sensitive fuck hole reacts with another powerful, juicy orgasm, accompanied by another of her long, loud howls. He lives for that noise. He doesn't last long, cumming with a full throated growl, releasing her knees and falling back on the bed with her on top of him. The towel beneath them is soaked.

They are both panting heavy and spent. He uses his last bits of energy to wrap his arms around her and roll them over onto their side, drawing up his knees tight to curl her into a protective fetal embrace. He slides out feeling warm cum oozing between their thighs. She sighs and reaches back to scratch at the back of his head, a reward, feeling his racing heartbeat as he pants and kisses at the back of her ear.

"Well that was new" she purrs.

“Mmmhmmm, like it?” He says, as if he really needs to ask.

She giggles and turns to look at him. They smile and kiss, knowingly.

“I think it’s gonna be a nice day.” He whispers into her ear, finishing with a kiss.

She replies, “I think we both need to shower again, first.”

They snicker and squeeze each other in tight.

Spring has sprung.

2. Spring Fever

Summary for the Chapter:

Into the woods they go. Horny and Jumpy.

“Everything set?” She’s just finished hanging his freshly washed sheets on the line to dry and comes over to see how he’s doing with packing the car for their first spring day hike.

“Yah, I got the sandwiches, crackers, water jug, your canteen, picnic blanket, rain panchos just in case, toilet paper, radio, batteries, tapes, my book, your books”

“one of them’s a journal” she interrupts, to clarify.

“...one of them’s a a journal, camera, film, car has gas, I have sunglasses, sunscreen, bug spray, first aid kit, lighter, flashlight also just in case.... what am I missing?”

“Wow, should we bring a gun, baseball bat and a bear trap too?” She jokes. “Just kidding. Thanks baby for packing the car. That sounds great. You’re a good boy.” She kisses him, touching him on his chest, before heading back into the house. He starts to finish packing everything into his backpack.

He loves when she’s sweet and reassuring to him. Still makes him blush and feel soft inside.

She’s teasing him, he knows, but truth is, he still gets a little spooked in the woods. When he thinks about the night he almost lost her in the tree portal, he still sinks a little inside. He doesn’t know what he would’ve done.

But the same bravery that drove them to go out into the woods that night looking for something without a face, is still ever present in their characters; foolish as it may have been, they still refuse to retreat and withdraw into scaredy cats. They are compelled to question and find answers, even when dangerous.

But it’s not always that easy - the woods still spook him a little, and

maybe always will. He can't help but get spooked by the thought of being out there far away from help, now that he knows monsters are real. It's a very scarcely traveled area that he only found when he was taking pictures several years ago. And it's close to, what they now simply refer to as The Lab.

But that's not a reason not to go, so they are going. At least they will be out in the sunshine, and not out at night. Maybe being away from civilization is a positive on a beautiful day like this.

She comes out, carrying a small bag of green grapes, and a couple of apples. "Just in case." She smiles at him as she hands it to him to pack. She's got her grey hiking boots on and a pair of jean shorts, a blue plaid button up shirt, open and tied at the waist, over a white tank top. She's not wearing a bra. 'Hmm noted,' he thinks. She's also got legs for days. He's very happy it's shorts weather.

"Did you eat the eggs and toast I made you?" He asks.

"Yep. And I washed the dishes. Thanks, love."

"Thank you for washing the sheets, also."

"Thank you for messing them up with me."

They head off up into the hills not far from his house. There's a beautiful spot he found that looks down into the valley surrounding Hawkins where they can park. From there it's about an hour hike down to a pretty creek with mossy hillsides and flowers that he thinks she might like. It's a nice place for a picnic at least, maybe read for awhile. The hike back up is a little steep but they can make it.

He'd love to take some pictures of her and if they get a little risqué well at least this time when he develops them at school, he will hang them facing the wall to dry so he can control who sees them. He learned that lesson the hard way. He still shouldn't have taken them. But that was long ago, and she understood and forgave him long ago. She's the only one whose opinion matters.

It's kind of a bumpy, uphill, rocky dirt road, and she's not really enjoying it. She's putting on a brave face but he knows she's ready to be there already. "Almost there, honey. Promise." He says softly.

"Thank goodness."

"It's worth it."

"Are we going to be able to get back down this horrible road?"

"Oh yeah, downhill is guaranteed. It's up that's the challenge. Don't worry, I think it's just around this turn, see it's getting lighter. It'll be worth it."

"Really." She's annoyed.

"I have no reason to lie to you."

It suddenly gets even lighter as they come around a curve. The road flattens out a bit and they are on a large gravel clearing, surrounded by a ring of tall pine trees. They are nearly at the top of a small canyon looking down onto the side of a town and some farm land in the valley beneath.

"Whoa! Is that Hawkins?" She asks.

"Yah, that's part of it."

"Oh, Jonathan this is gorgeous! I'm so sorry I was grouchy. Oh thank you for taking me out today. It's been such a cold winter. I'm so happy."

He's so happy to hear that.

He parks the car on the edge of the trees facing out towards the view. This way they have a little shelter and shade but don't lose the view. He kills the engine and looks at her happy little face. They've really only known each other in colder times of the year. It strikes him that he'll get to spend the summer showing her all of his favorite spots away from town to explore. Most aren't accessible in winter.

She's already getting out of the car, so he follows. There is still a bit

of morning chill, but they won't need to wear jackets and sweaters today. It's beautiful and warm. 'Like Nancy,' he thinks.

"Wow. This is so cool! How did you find this? That's Hawkins?"

"Yeah, so that on the left, that's the softball fields, see the snack hut? And that's Merrill's Farm, Eugene's, The O'Dells', Gilbert's Farm..." she's following his pointing finger, "...and there's the shopping center, you can see it better at night when the streetlights are on, and... if you walk up this ledge over here on the right - we don't have to -" he reassures her "you can look down over The Lab."

"Eh, no thanks." She wrinkles her nose. "But wow. This is cool. Nice job!" She squeezes him in for a kiss and hug. She likes standing here with her head rested on his shoulder looking out at all of the trees, breathing in the fresh air. After the Fall they had, followed by a cold, grey Winter, she's going to really enjoy being outdoors with him.

She can't believe how easy it's been to be with Jonathan. He really supports her in everything and never tells her to put on a brave face and be fake. He listens to her and never tells her to be a "lady", whatever the hell that means. Sounds like retreat, to her.

All she knows is these last 5 months have been the most liberating of her life. Jonathan is not afraid for her to be herself, and to speak her mind, and he's never embarrassed by her. He treats her like she's more than a dress, or a lay. He knows she has complexities and frailties and loves her just the same.

Maybe it's because he was raised by Joyce. It makes her love him more to see how much he respects and cares for his tough, single mom. They've had such different upbringings - neither one perfect - but he's such a good guy. Her guy. Whatever the cliches and whatever the reasons, she knows she loves and respects him very much.

"Spring has sprung." She says. "It's corny, but it's true."

"Corny, but true, yes" he kisses her lips, and touches her chin, as his eyes sparkle. "Ok, I'm gonna put some sunscreen on you."

“Oh yah?”

“Yah.”

“I thought we were hiking down into the canyon, not much direct sunlight there. If you’re looking for an excuse to rub your hands all over my body, you can just say so, ya know.”

“Ohhhkay...no sunscreen.” He chuckles. “But come sit here with me? Please?” He hops up on the hood of the car, feet on the bumper and taps the spot next to him, blushing.

“Okay.” He’s so cute when he knows she’s caught him being mischievous. She heads over and joins him on the hood of his car.

“How suspicious are you of bug spray?” He inquires

“Slightly suspicious.” She cuts him a sly look, and he cuts her one back.

“So how many times have you been up here?” She continues.

“Oh, I dunno. 15? 20? Enough to know it’s got great light and shade for reading and it gets windy in the afternoons. You really didn’t know about this place?”

“Nuh uh,” she confirms.

“This clearing used to have a radio tower for whatever government facility used to be in The Lab before it was The Lab. For years the road was closed off but they finally came and took all of the equipment away so it’s open now and I guess nobody noticed.”

“Except you.”

“Well yeah, I guess so. Maybe.”

“How did you find this?”

He shrugs, “I guess the normal way people find things - they go outside and look around.” He kids her.

“Haha.” She deadpans.

“Hey, well I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but I was never really a ‘hang out at the mall’ kinda guy. I would do stuff like this. Sometimes with Will. Mostly by myself. A couple times my mom even came with us. So yah,” he shrugs. “And if you like this, you’re gonna love next weekend. One of the benefits of dating a loner, Miss Wheeler.”

“This is pretty good, Byers. I gotta say. In fact, I think you deserve a reward, or at least an apology for complaining about the road.” She hops off the car and moves to stand in front of him, between his legs. She loves that he’s not afraid of her sexuality. Which is good because sometimes she gets so turned on by him she can’t control herself. Might be hormones. More than likely, it’s mostly him. She’s always been drawn to him. All of the things that happened didn’t make her love him more, just made her less afraid of how she felt, and of herself. He’s her person. There are numerous reasons to show him appreciation, but right now she needs to thank him for what she knows will be a fun day.

“Oh yah? You think so huh?” His tone has dropped slyly. He’s always intrigued when she’s hatching a plan.

“Hell yah” She leans in to his chest, eyes coy, and starts kissing him gently. She untucks his white t shirt, sliding her hands up to graze his belly lightly, then curls her fingers around the waistband of his light blue jeans and yanks him to her. She looks up at him to see if he’s resisting. She sees him panting, his tongue darting up to his lips, so she starts to unbutton his pants.

“Whoa, Nance. What, right out here? What if someone can see us?”

“No one’s going to see us, first of all. Seriously, what are the odds? And second of all, you’re just going to sit there and receive your reward. So you have no arguments. Now are you going to cooperate?”

“Yep, yes ma’am.” She’s so hot, and forceful, and also right, there’s very little likelihood anyone will see them - how he can he say ‘no’? This is kind of crazy, but it excites him. Plus, love makes you do crazy things, right? It’s no more dangerous than say, slicing your

hand open to attract an inter-dimensional monster...

He unzips and slides his pants and boxers down. The hood of the car is warm and relaxing on his backside. He's already mostly hard and has been since just after she plead and won her case. He props his arms beneath him on his hands and leans back slightly, giving her the reins. She's very pleased. He smiles at her as if to say 'take it away.' He's no dummy.

"Good boy." She licks the palms of both of her hands and grasps him firmly, never losing eye contact. He gasps and brings one hand to her face, asking for a kiss. She obliges, sweetly, and then continues to stroke him as his head drops back feeling warm sun on his face and Nancy's hot hands on his dick. He sighs when he feels the scar tissue in the palm of her left hand.

She brings one hand down to tease his balls, and backs up a little. He thinks she's giving herself room for a better angle but he's struck by how wrong he is when she leans over and drops her mouth on his cock, taking him in. He lets out a yell that could be mistaken for pain if it weren't for the fact that it's followed by blissful pants and moans. She's encouraged and begins to bob her head up and down as much of him as she can.

She knows her jaw will be sore later, like it always is, but she needs to suck his thick cock and stare up at him, watching his face fall apart and rise again. He's shuddering and gripping at the hood of the car, hips reacting every time her lips slide across the base of his tip.

She stops suddenly and moves down to suck and lick tickling lines on his balls. "Holy shhhit!" He hisses, eyes clenched shut, knuckles white as he pushes into the hood. She traces her tongue all of the way from his balls up to the base of his tip, flicking her tongue around the sensitive, bulbous top. He can only choke on his moans. She loves worshipping his beautiful full cock. He shakes and inhales sharply.

She plunges him back inside her mouth, tasting his salty precum, now working him feverishly with her hand and mouth. "Ahhhhh, Nancy" He says through gritted teeth, face turning red. "I'm gonna...." he cums throwing his head back with a roar. The woods have inspired the horny animal within. She feels him fill her mouth

and she greedily swallows sliding slowly up to suck every drop, cleaning him with her tongue, as he shakes. She thinks she can hear his heartbeat racing above the gentle breeze in the trees.

“Oh wow baby. You’re so hot. I love when your big dick comes in my mouth.”

“Christ, Nance.” He pants. “Ya trying to kill a guy? I don’t know what’s gotten into you but I like it.” He brings her head in for a gentle kiss. “Wow, give me a minute.” He leans forward resting his head on her shoulder for support. She holds him caringly, patting and stroking his back. After a few more minutes of softly holding him, his breathing slows.

“So how’s about some sunscreen?” He says. “I feel bad not doing something for you.”

“Don’t worry, something tells me you are going to have plenty of chances to grope me today.” His eyes are saying ‘please?’

“Ok,” she relents, “but not now. I wanna enjoy this view for a minute.”

He pulls his pants back up. She hops back up next to him on the hood of his car. He wraps his arm around her and pulls her in to his chest as her arms encircle his waist. They look off into the morning vista.

They’ve been hiking for about a half hour along the mostly gently downhill sloping trail. He’s carrying the backpack, camera at the ready around his neck. She’s got the canteen across her body and a water jug in her hand. It’s a little warm, but there’s a light breeze and it’s cooling off the further they get down into the canyon.

Before they left he’d insisted on taking a picture of her on the hood of his car. She was leaned back on her palms looking slightly shy and uncomfortable with being photographed but still so happy and beautiful. He even went to a lot of effort to set up the camera on a tree stump, set the timer, and step back into the frame to sit next to her on the hood, taking a picture with her - a rarity for him to be his own subject. Her hands and blissful face were posed peacefully

smiling on his shoulder while his arms and laced fingers rested across her knees, pulling her legs to him protectively. He wanted to look a little tough, but he's pretty sure he couldn't resist a small smile.

He's persistent so she humors him and lets him apply sunscreen while they are taking a short break from walking. When he asks her to sit on a large, flat rock so he can get her legs, she knows this is what he is really waiting for. She sits and leans back on her hands. Her glinting eyes say 'take it away.' She is also no dummy.

He removes the backpack and camera in a flash then squats down to his knees and puts one of her legs on his shoulder, gently kissing up and down her firm flesh while she leans back smiling at him and enjoying his joy. He's so grateful. Why should she fight this?

He smooths on sunscreen, more than enough, she thinks, sensually massaging her legs, taking his time with each. She melts with his warm touch. He places her leg back down and asks her to take off her over shirt so he can get her arms and shoulders. She plays along, removing the canteen, and untying the knot at the front of her shirt and shrugging it off. It doesn't make sense, but it does make sense since she hopes she knows where this is really headed. Besides, she enjoys when he watches her undress so she takes her time with one little shirt.

He massages her shoulders, applies warm strokes to her neck and collar bone, coats each arm, gently turning her left hand over to kiss the scar on her palm. She sighs. That gets her every time.

Just in her shorts and white tank top now, her nipples are hard and visible, aroused as they rub the scratchy material. She leans back on her hands again, arching her back to accentuate her pleasure. He notices; she sees his wicked look as he works. He's committed to the charade, though, even putting a little dot on her nose and cheeks, making her giggle.

Finally having stroked and kissed all of her exposed skin, he places her leg back on his shoulder. She's probably right that she won't need it (tellingly, he applies none to himself) but he's always wanted to do that. She thinks she's going to get them some massage oils. He may have another hidden talent she'd be happy to help him develop.

His hands travel up underneath her jean shorts, gripping at the part of her ass he can reach while he gives her a heated glance - she's not wearing panties. Her breath flutters as he discovers her surprise. "Whoops, must've left them on the dresser..." she coyly whispers. He's driven her wild; pretty sure he knows it, too, by the way they are eye fucking each other.

His hands, still slightly greasy, slide up under her tank top, gently gripping her sides, making their way to her breasts, one flexible leg still up on his shoulder. That look is back, with a bit of pleading as he moves in closer, scooping at warm handfuls of her body, landing at last on her breasts, plucking her nipples. Her lips part in pleasure. He fills her mouth with his tongue and passion.

She can take no more. He wins. She drops her leg, unbuttons her shorts and stands as they fall and are kicked away. He pulls her into his face, kissing and nuzzling his way into her hot folds. She sits back on the rock, bringing her knees up and open, and bracing her feet beside her on the rock. He grabs her haunches and presses his open mouth onto her hot opening as she cries out in pleasure. His hands are greasy with sunscreen so he'll have to use his mouth only.

He licks all around her wet opening watching her twitch. He lifts his eyes to see if she is watching; she is, panting with fire in her eyes. He doesn't blink as his tongue pushes inside of her with a groan, feeling a gush of fluid all over his face. "Jonathan!" She huffs as one hand scratches through his hair. She pushes into his face, writhing and fucking his firm tongue.

He continues to alternate licking and sucking at her slick clit, with stabbing tongue thrusts inside her. Her stuttering gasps are about to make him come. He undoes his pants and removes his throbbing cock, stroking it feverishly.

Her hand continues to claw at his hair and push his face into all the spots she needs him. He's frantically licking at her juices and moaning on her clit. The vibrations from his voice are driving her wild so he hums hungry noises onto her clit, dipping his tongue forcefully back into her.

She gasps so loudly he thinks she might choke. "Give me. Now." She

manages to get out while grasping at his shoulder.

She falls back on the rock as he stands up over her, pushing his pants down a little further, and slides all of his thick heat inside of her in one even push. Her groan is so deep and grateful. He pumps her for a few hot moments before he feels her clutch and tense and release around him, warm juices making her hole even hotter. He pumps her more intensely, gripping her hip as he releases inside of her and collapses on top of her. When he pulls out their juices drip down the side of the rock. He's surprised they have any left, and it's not even noon.

She has some minor scratches from the rock on her ass. She says they don't hurt and were worth it, but he feels badly and tenderly kisses them before helping her step back into her shorts. He snaps a picture of the odd stain they leave on the edge of the rock because they think it's funny. Another inside joke they can revisit whenever they mention the need for sunscreen.

They continue down the trail, blissfully light headed, anticipating their picnic spot.

He's been lagging behind and stopping to take pictures of nature, and also her, while they walked. Sometimes he positions her next to an interesting scene. She always feels a little silly, but she goes along with it, because he's so serious about the composition. He's adorable and determined when he's got an idea. She thinks today has proved that he's pretty good at ideas, she understates a little.

One time she simply looked back over her shoulder to see how far back he was. He had his camera already trained on her. She heard the soft click of the shutter as she looked at him.

"Hey, I wasn't ready." She complained.

"Yes, you were." He said. "That's going to turn out nice."

Every now and then, they disturb a critter, startled by them and darting off of the path. Or they are startled by rustling in the bushes,

or a bird that would suddenly burst from a tree to fly away. They were both a little jumpy when that happened.

One time she grabbed his hand, gasping in fear, and he gripped back echoing her level of startled. After seeing the things they'd seen it seems natural that they would have a little trouble relaxing. It turned out to be another squirrel, scampering up a tree.

"I'm glad we are doing this." He says, starting to walk again but keeping hold of her hand.

"What do you mean?"

"This." He stops. "Going out in the woods again with you. So I can get over being scared of every broken twig or rustling bush in the woods. I was never like this before out here. I hate it. Last summer when I came out, I was jumpy then too, wondering which trees might have portals to other dimensions... that night..." he heaves a heavy sigh. "I'm glad you're here with me." He looks at her as he says it.

"I'm glad I'm here, too. I know exactly what you mean. And I'm glad we are doing this, too. We can't live afraid." She's holding his left hand, and feels the rough edge of the scar he has. She squeezes his hand gently, then lifts his palm to her lips and kisses the wound. He smiles. They walk on swinging clasped hands.

They are finally starting to hear running water, so they know they are getting close. There must be a lot of snowmelt still because the creek is running full. The sound is calming and lovely. They walk a short ways up to the clearing he found last summer. He's glad it's still there. There's a soft, grassy, meadowy area softly sloping into a mossy bank down to the creek. Giant pines shade the area, lined with patches of purple and yellow wild flowers. It's cleared off and flat so Jonathan thinks there may have been a building here long ago. Maybe someone lived here.

Last summer he spent some time here reading. And thinking of the kiss Nancy gave him on Christmas when she also gave him the camera. He had been a little confused, for several reasons, but mostly

just happy to have that warm memory. Her touch and smile had been enough then. Now she would never be enough.

“Wow, you’re right. Totally worth it.” She beams. “Perfect. And just in time, because I’m hungry.”

They lay out the blanket and eat sandwiches while they talk. He gets sassy at one point and she throws a grape at him - a game that turns into her trying to lob them into his mouth and vice versa. He’s pretty good at it, but she keeps getting hit in the face, causing a laughing fit every time.

After they are done with lunch, full and happy, he lays back, draping an arm behind his head, propped up on his backpack, using his other arm to rest a book on his chest. She uses his belly as a pillow and writes in her journal. The gurgling creek is hypnotic. She sees why he likes to spend time here. It is way better than the mall.

He brings his free hand down from his head and begins to play with her hair softly, mindlessly, while still reading. She stops what she’s doing and turns her head to look at him. He’s so serious and intense when he’s focusing. She knows he can feel her looking, so she waits patiently until he breaks from his book to look at her.

“I love you, Jonathan.” She says sweetly, her eyes sparkling.

He cracks a sweet, shy smile. “I love you, Nancy.”

Serene hours pass. He’s dropped his book and drifted off to sleep. She can feel his deep rhythmic breaths rising and falling under her head.

She lets her book fall open onto her chest and lets her eyes close. The sun is starting to peek through the trees and will soon be directly overhead. The breeze and the soft murmur of the creek are lulling her to sleep as well.

Nancy hears a different sound. At first she thinks it’s her imagination, but then it continues. It’s a soft rustling sound, like grass. She opens her eyes and turns her head, blinking towards the stream. It’s a deer, about 20 yards away grazing on the grass and moss on the side of the

hill by the stream.

“Jonathan, wake up” she whispers, then softly pokes him in his side. “Jonathan...”

“Hmmm, what?” He stirs. Inhaling sharply trying to wake up.

“Shhh... look.” She points at the deer.

“Oh, wow. Neat.” He rubs his eyes “Wait, don’t move. Hand me my camera.”

The young deer is peacefully grazing, keeping one eye on them, but not alarmed. It doesn’t have antlers and seems small so she thinks it must be a young girl. The sun catches its tawny coat, and black glistening eyes. Beautiful. He’s glad he just started a fresh roll of film. He’s focusing and snapping pictures, including one where he captures Nancy’s head resting on his stomach smiling softly in the foreground.

She turns her head to him, smiling and pressing her lips together to stifle her glee, eyes wide and amused. She whispers to him, “This is so cool! Last time we saw a deer was nothing like this!” Before turning back. He huffs out an agreement. ‘That’s for sure’ he thinks.

She hates to bring that tragic scene up but it’s true. They had found a dying deer in the woods. Jonathan was going to put it out of its misery, but a monster had come for it, snatching it away with lightening speed. It was the night she first saw the demogorgon and almost was trapped in the Upside Down. They both don’t like to think about what could’ve happened if Jonathan hadn’t gotten to her in time....

They both gasp and sit straight up as a loud crash of branches comes from behind them in the woods. The deer startles too but only jogs away a few feet before turning back towards the noise.

“...the fuck was that...” he says. Ditching the camera beside him and jumping to his feet.

She’s on her feet as well now, thinking, ‘Shit! A bear? Or worse... no, no, not that.... fuck they shouldn’t have come out here so close to The Lab. It’s starting again...’

He's hoping it was just a falling tree branch, but he continues to hear loud snaps, getting closer. He balls his fists and steps ever so slightly in front of Nancy.

Suddenly, another young deer bursts through the undergrowth and into the clearing. This one has small, but notable antlers - a boy.

They both let out a relieved sigh and unclench their fists. The new deer eyes them for a moment, shaking out his antlers as if they had been caught in the trees, and then turns towards the girl deer. He proudly prances towards her as they meet up with gentle sniffs. 'Awww, it almost looks like they are kissing,' She thinks trying to stay still and catch her breath.

Nancy and Jonathan stand in awe as the young deer begin to bound around the clearing, playing. The boy seems to be showing off for her. She bounds down the embankment across the stream and he follows in pursuit as they chase up the opposite bank and plunge into the woods.

"Whoa!" He says with a chuckle. "That. Was. Awesome."

They both have their mouths open looking at each other laughing away the tension.

"That was like a scene from Bambi! So cute!!" She squeals.

"Ha, guess we know what they are going to do." He says with a wink.

"Hmm?"

"Come on, you saw Bambi, you know..." he taps his foot like Thumper.

"Oh, ha yah" she catches his meaning. "It is Spring after all." She winks back.

She comes towards him and wraps herself in his arms, as they soothe each other, still filled with adrenaline. "Wow, you wouldn't believe what I thought when I heard that..." she says into his shoulder, feeling their racing heartbeats.

"I bet I would." He says, softly rubbing her back and kissing her forehead. He's right, of course, he would.

She lifts her head to look at him and he brings his hands to her cheeks, cradling her face. He kisses her softly, as she runs a soft thumb on his hand, stroking down his jaw to his neck with the other. Maybe it's the adrenaline, maybe it's the fear of ever losing one another, but the intensity of their kisses increase rapidly, until they are hungrily kissing, losing control.

They drop to their knees on the blanket, still attacking with open mouths and tongues. He tries to work out the knot on her over shirt, but gives up and pulls it over her head just as she's worked his shirt up and off as well. They crash back together growing more fevered by the second. He unbuttons and unzips her shorts pushing them down her hips. She lifts each knee to push them down the rest of the way and kick them off behind her. He reaches to palm at her crotch and she groans. His pants are off in a flurry as quick as the two deer bouncing up the hill moments ago.

She pushes him onto his back and quickly mounts him with a groan. He slides deep up inside her and they both exhale loudly. She begins to bounce giving voice to every lusty sensation. She realizes she still has her tank top on and she whips that off over her head, watching his face appreciate her fully in the sunlight. They've really only seen each other like this in the backseat of his car, or their bedrooms, usually dimly lit. It's a whole new vision.

She thinks back to this morning and decides to try more of that new angle of heated friction. She lifts off of him - he whimpers "no" - and moves quickly to turn around and sit back on him with her back to him. He now whimpers "yesss" as she slides back down his cock, her head thrown back as she cries out, and echoes "yesss..."

The sun finally pops out above the trees, warming their skin. From his angle it is just above the trees in front of her, off to her right, making the beautiful sight of Nancy's bare back even more exciting.

"Shit Nancy, stay right there. You can have the negatives but you have to let me take your picture." She grinds her hips on him, working at her clit, sliding slowly up and down his shaft, making him

dizzy as he reaches for the camera nearby. He snaps away, too aroused to focus properly. With any luck he's captured the sun's rays streaming down onto her hair, captured the unhinged pleasure in the arch of her back. He may have even captured the scratches on her ass from earlier.

She turns her head to smile over her shoulder at him. Her lips are plump and freshly licked, mouth open in ecstasy, eyes crossed with pleasure and spring fever. That's probably the best picture of them all. He'll call it Spring Fever.

"Ok, now put that down. I need to finish what we started." Her voice is unusually deep and sultry. Demanding. He will obey her. He's about to burst and lets the camera roll away to the side, bringing his hands back to grip her hips and ass. "Whatever you say..." he whispers through his groan.

She starts to buck and grind on him, working feverishly at her clit. She's increasing the strength and speed of her strokes, her moans growing louder in response. He's trying to hold on through one of the sexiest displays she's ever put before him. He feels her tighten and clamp down just as he cums deep inside her. She pushes down on him feeling her orgasm explode; her entire body feels every ray of sunlight at once, they yell out every worry and tension inside them into the sun.

After a moment, she slides off to the side, rolling back and flopping her head on his chest, his arms wrapping her in. Their mouths meet for reassuring, loving kisses.

Their hearts race, this time for a much better reason. The best reason. Love.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey thank you for reading! Hope it brought a little joy to your day. So listen - while you're here. If you had any comments, maybe like hey this part didn't make sense or those two things contradict each other, or that part made me really happy, please take a moment to tell me? Sometimes I miss things or

don't understand my audience. (It's a problem in real life, too.) I'm actually trying to improve my writing having only ever written the couple of other pieces currently on Ao3. I won't be mad. Well, like don't be a dick about it or anything, but yah. I'm asking for constructive feedback. Don't have time, that's cool, too. Thanks!